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DEAD MAN'S HAND

part IV

NOMAD

™

SHE'S MINE!

30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SAMUEL CLARKE JACKSON — MARK McKENNA

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

Stan Lee presents

NOMAD

WAR JOURNAL. OUTSIDE OF VEGAS, IN A CLEARING ACROSS FROM MY MOTEL HIDEOUT.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY HITTERS FROM WORLDWIDE CRIMES FRONTS ARE PITCHING THEIR TENTS IN THIS DESERT HOLE--

PRAETORIANS RULE! CHAINSAW RULES!!

--AND I'VE ALREADY BEEN *MADE*.*

MEANS I HAVE TO DEAL WITH EVERY LUNATIC AND IDIOT OUT TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES.

*SEE PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL #46 FOR DETAILS.

Suicide Kings

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NORMALLY...

...I WOULDN'T BOTHER WITH AN *IDIOT* LIKE CHAINSAW...

...BUT THE *BABY*...

PRRRRAPPPTTT

...TAKES AWAY THE *EASY* OPTION OF DRILLING HIM DEAD RIGHT HERE AND NOW.

INSTEAD, I HAVE TO PLAY CHICKEN WITH THE LOSER AND SEE WHO FLINCHES FIRST.

SFKKT

VRUMMM VRUMMM

A *JOUST*, LIKE KNIGHTS OF OLD, THEN?

LET'S DO IT, HARD GUY!!

IT'S ALL GOING TO COME DOWN TO THE *TIMING* OF THE PASS--

FWHOO JOUGEE

YAAAAA

VRMMMMMMMMM

AAAKT--

--AND JUST HOW MUCH I WANT TO *SHOW OFF.*

WOO WOO WOO

I DON'T KNOW WHOSE BABY IT IS, OR WHY THE PRAETORIANS THOUGHT SHE WAS IMPORTANT, BUT SHE'S NOT LEAVING MY ARMS UNTIL I FIND OUT.

AND THESE FISH-FOR-BRAINS KNOW THAT, SO THEY SPIT GRAVEL.

FEH.

I AGREE WITH THE KID.

ROUND ONE GOES TO YOU, PUNISHER!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF CHAIN-SAW!

DUNES

NOW I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT THE #@!$ I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INTO--.

CAESARS PALACE

CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK

CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK

EH--?

I'M JUST SCOUTING FOR ANY SIGN OF WHERE THIS *CRIME CONFERENCE* IS TAKING PLACE AND LOOK WHAT I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

NINJAS.

SOMEONE WANT TO LOAN ME TEN BUCKS SO I CAN *BUY* A *CLUE* HERE ?

BOYS--

--THIS IS MY ROOF--

-- WHICH MAKES IT *YOUR* PROBLEM !

AND WHY DIDN'T THEY TAKE THE *ELEVATOR* UP LIKE I DID ?

STEEL ALLOY *STUN DISC* JAMMIN' THEIR FACES.

YOU *GOTTA* FIGURE THAT HURTS.

WHO ARE THESE CLOWNS? WHAT'S THEIR PART IN THIS GAME ?

FLIK

ONE LEFT. NO ROOM FOR A DISC.

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW THE GUN'S ONLY LOADED WITH *SCATTERSHOT*.

CHAK!T

BLAM

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO *CARE* MUCH EITHER.

MANO A MANO. MUY MACHO. JUST THE WAY *JACK* LIKES IT.

SHAKK!T

NICE.

LET'S SEE HOW MY NEW BUD DEALS WITH A *MADE-IN-THE-U.S.A.* ROUND-HOUSE RIGHT.

KATUFF

THE STEEL *PINS* I PUT INTO THE JACKET LINING AFTER CONFRONTING *DEADPOOL'S* SWORD-FLASHING WORKED JUST FINE.

STILL UP AND ABOUT?

JACKPOT! THAT ONE'S A WINNER.

WHAT SAY WE BREAK DOWN THE LANGUAGE BARRIER BE-TWEEN US?

ME FIRST. MY NAME IS JACK.

YOUR TURN TO TALK, OR TRY TO LATER-- *WITHOUT A TONGUE* --

SSSSSSSSSS

HUH?

WHAT THE #@$! IS GOING ON WITH THESE GUYS?!

I MEAN CRUSHING DOWN ON CYANIDE CAPSULES, *EVERY-ONE* KNOWS THAT BIT--

--BUT *MELTING*--?!

AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE ANSWERS THAN I STARTED WITH.

SHOULD I LOOK FOR *DAREDEVIL*-- MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE THINGS OUT TOGETHER?

WONDER WHAT HOTEL HE'S AT, AND WHAT NAME HE REGISTERED UNDER? *MR. DEVIL*? BAD IDEA.

AT THE LEAST, I KNOW *LEGS* HAS GOTTEN *BUCKY* BACK TO L.A. SAFE AND SOUND...

MA'AM--?

MA'AM-- I'M WITH AIRPORT SECURITY--

--ARE YOU OKAY?

UHM -- YEAH -- YEAH -- FINE -- WHA -- UHM --

SOME-ONE *SHOT* YOU.

SOMEONE -- UHM -- ROBBED ME -- I SAW HIM IN THE MIRROR -- I SPUN --

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU WERE ONLY *GRAZED*.

REAL LUCKY. I'M *IRISH*. I HAVE TO GO.

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME AND FILE A REPORT.

NO -- I CAN'T -- I MEAN --

NO CHOICE, MA'AM. EVEN IF YOU DON'T WANT TO FILE CHARGES --

--WE STILL HAVE TO GET A *DOCTOR* TO LOOK AT THAT CUT.

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T LOSE ANYTHING MORE *VALUABLE* THAN A FEW DOLLARS.

BUCKY.

I'M RUNNING AROUND VEGAS AND ALL I CAN THINK OF IS HER.

WHY AM I HERE?

IN ORDER TO WIPE CLEAN MY IMPRESSIVE RANKING AMONG *"AMERICA'S MOST WANTED,"* SOME GOVERNMENT BOYS GAVE ME A JOB TO DO.

AN EASY ONE, BY THEIR ACCOUNT, FIND A BIG, FAT MIAMI-BASED DRUG-LORD NAMED THE *SLUG*...

...AND *KILL* HIM.

IS IT *WORTH* DOING? NOT FOR MY SAKE, BUT FOR BUCKY'S?

IF I'M FREE FROM ANY BLOODHOUNDS, CAN I RAISE HER IN A *NORMAL* FASHION?

WHITE PICKET FENCE, McDONALD'S FOR DINNER. IN BED BY NINE, YOUNG LADY.

IS THAT KIND OF A LIFE WORTH LIVING, MUCH LESS WORTH KILLING FOR?

WHERE'S MY BABY--?!!

I THINK I LOVE THIS CITY AS MUCH AS L.A.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WHO TOOK MY BABY?! *WHO?!*

BUSHWACKER. PYSCHO ASSASSIN FATHER WANNABE.

AND ME WITH NO WEAPONS...

...EXCEPT FOR THE GINSU KNIFE MY FRIEND IN THE PAJAMAS LENT ME...

WHAT THE $%#@?

RUDDA RUDDA RUDDA

SHEESH

AAAGH

YOU AGAIN--?

AND YOU-- YOU CUT ME--!

NICE TRY, HIPPIE-BOY--

--BUT NOT MUCH GOOD AGAINST A MAN WHOSE BODY IS A WALKING WEAPON!

SOMEONE TOOK THE BABY--AND I HAVE TO GET HER BACK!

I HAD HER--I WENT INTO THE DINER--WENT TO GET SOMETHING AT THE COUNTER--

--I TURNED AROUND AN' SOMEONE HAD SNATCHED HER!

WAS IT *YOU*? YOU WERE IN ON ALL THIS WITH DONAHUE!

THE BABY--?

HE CAN'T MEAN--

BUCKY--?

THE BABY-- CUTE KID-- BLACK DOMINO MASK--

NO--

PTHOOM

PTHOOM

PTHOOM

PTHOOM

PTHOOM

NNGHH
WHO
HURM
SOUNDED LIKE A *TANK* FIRING!
UH
OH
I LIKED YOUR FACE BETTER WHEN IT WAS *SCARRED*, BUSHWACKER--
--BUT I LIKE THE *SWISS CHEESE* ROUTINE EVEN MORE.
FWEEE HOOO
10 x ODDS on Craps
THE PUNISHER.
ALWAYS WONDERED IF I'D EVER RUN INTO HIM.
ALTHOUGH WHAT HE'S DOING WITH BUCKY IS BEYOND ME.
AT THIS POINT, MOST *EVERY-THING* HAS GOTTEN BEYOND ME.
THAT'S MY BABY!

BUSH-WACKER? THIS IS *YOUR* BABY?

DA DA

IT'S MY SISTER-IN-LAW'S--AND I WANT HER BACK!

KLIK

CLICK CLICK

SYSTEMS SCREWED UP--

-- TOO MUCH INTERNAL DAMAGE--

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY, BUSHWACKER!

HEY-- MISTER-- WAIT!

-- YOU CAN'T GO AFTER THAT *MANIAC* WITH A *BABY* IN YOUR ARMS.

ARE YOU *CRAZY* OR SOMETHING--

THANKYOU THANKYOU THANKYOU

FIGURE THIS OUT, JACK--

--PUNISHER GOT BUCKY FROM SOMEONE WHO GOT HER FROM BUSHWACKER-- WHO MUST HAVE GOTTEN HER FROM LEGS--

--WHICH MEANS LEGG IS STILL IN VEGAS!

THE PALANTINE CASINO HOTEL, SITE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CRIME CONFERENCE...

WELCOME TO ANOTHER SESSION.

CONSIDERING THE ALTERCATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED FROM OUTSIDE PARTIES-

--AS WELL AS THE INTERNICINE STRIFE INSTIGATED BY SOME OF OUR OWN --

--WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MUCH IN THE LAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

WE SHOULD CONTINUE TO DIVIDE THE ASSETS OF THE CRIMINAL EMPIRE FORMERLY OPERATED BY WILSON FISK.

NOT BEFORE I FIND OUT WHY SOMEONE WAS SHOOTIN' ROUNDS ON THE ROOF OF MY HOTEL!

--WOULD THEY JONIN'?

YOU DARE?!

NO ONE WOULD KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THAT--

YOU ARE A MAN WITHOUT HONOR, HAMMERHEAD!

HEY--HEY-- LEGGO OF MY HAND--!

BOTH OF YOU...

...ENOUGH.

MY EMPLOYER DID NOT ORGANIZE THIS CONFERENCE TO GRANT YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO *ELIMINATE* ONE ANOTHER.

JUST THE OPPOSITE, MY FRIENDS, IT WAS DONE SO THAT WE COULD AVOID SUCH FRACTIOUS, NEEDLESS BLOODSHED.

IF YOU DO NOT CEASE IN THESE FRUITLESS ENDEAVORS, MY EMPLOYER HAS INSTRUCTED THAT *I TERMINATE* THE REMAINDER OF THIS CONFERENCE.

IF THAT WERE TO HAPPEN, UNMITIGATED *WAR* WOULD ERUPT BETWEEN OUR VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS--

--A WAR YOU KNOW MY EMPLOYER WOULD MOST SURELY WIN!

EXCEPT *HERR SCHMIDT* WOULD STILL HAVE *HYDRA* TO DEAL WITH.

PERHAPS, *WERNER VON STRUCKER.*

OUT OF RESPECT TO YOUR LATE *FATHER*, MY EMPLOYER WOULD PREFER TO MAINTAIN A MUTUAL *PEACE* BETWEEN OUR ORGANIZATIONS.

WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE *FENRIS*, THE OTHER CHILDREN OF *BARON WOLFGANG VON STRUCKER?*

WHERE THEY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN... OUT OF LUCK...

TWO PRECINCT HOUSES, THREE CLINICS AND ONE HOSPITAL LATER, I FIND LEGS.

SHE'S STILL SHAKING, BUT SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

CITY GENERAL HOSP

YOU GAVE THE COPS A REPORT, RIGHT?

CAN YOU WALK?

STILL A LITTLE DIZZY, JACKIE.

I'M GETTING YOU GIRLS OUT OF HERE IF I HAVE TO DRIVE YOU TO THE AIR-PORT AND CARRY YOU ON THE PLANE MYSELF.

TAXI!

911 Si

A CAB WAITING RIGHT OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL.

FIRST THING THAT'S GONE RIGHT IN THE LAST TWO DAYS.

TO THE AIRPORT. DON'T BE GENTLE WITH THE GAS PEDAL.

THE FASTER YOU DRIVE, THE BIGGER I TIP.

LEGS BETTER HAVE SOME CASH ON HER..

UHM... JACK...

WAIT A MINUTE...

HEY-- DRIVER-- WHERE'RE YOU --

--GOING--?

YOU TOOK THE BABY FROM ME. AND YOU LIED TO ME.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH WAS *DUMBER*.

DON'T MOVE.

THIS IS **MY** KID. MY FRIEND WAS CLEARING HER OUT OF HERE WHEN BUSHWACKER SNAGGED HER.

I WANT THE BABY TO BE SAFE MORE THAN ANYONE.

SHE'S **NOT** YOUR DAUGHTER.

UHM... DEFINE DAUGHTER.

JACK MONROE. WANTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR SEVEN OUTSTANDING WARRANTS--INCLUDING *KIDNAPPING*.

I DIDN'T KIDNAP THE BABY--I TOOK HER FROM A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL WHO WAS A CRACK ADDICT, A PROSTITUTE AND A BLACKMAILER.

I SAVED THAT BABY'S LIFE--AND SHE'S SAVED MINE!

GET OUT OF THE CAR.

GET YOURSELVES TO THE AIRPORT.

BUT WHAT ABOUT--

YOU GO, MONROE STAYS.

I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I GET BACK TO L.A.--BE CAREFUL.

TAKE CARE KIDDO--AND GIVE ME BACK MY *TRACER*.

ANSWERS THAT QUESTION.

WHAT NOW?

SKRAP

AND THAT ANSWERS *THAT* QUESTION!

FINE. HE'S PEEVED AT ME FOR PLAYING HIM FOR AN IDIOT.

AND HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE I CAN BACK UP WHAT I SAY WHEN IT COMES TO WATCHING OUT FOR BUCKY.

THAT'S COOL.

OKAY--YOU PROVED YOURSELF.

I SHOULDN'T'VE *HAD* TO.

I'M DOING AS *BEST* AS I CAN FOR THE KID.

AND WHO ARE *YOU* TO TELL ME WHAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG?

WHAT DOES SOMEONE LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT HAVING A *FAMILY*--ABOUT CARING FOR A *CHILD*?

NOTHING-- ANYMORE.

WHERE'RE YOU HEADED?

SOME BUSINESS TO FOLLOW UP ON AT *CIRCUS CIRCUS*.

GIVE ME A LIFT?

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?

ABOUT A FOUR MILE WALK BACK TO THE STRIP.

THEN I HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT I'M GOING TO DO-- WHAT KIND OF MAN I'M GOING TO BE.

I'M *REALLY* STARTING TO LOVE THIS TOWN...

NEXT: SLUGFEST!

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — MIKE LACKEY: OUTTA HERE

C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVE. SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Dear Nomads,

After reading the first two issues of NOMAD I felt compelled to write. Fabian has made a good character great. Nomad is a lost super-soldier who can never be as great as Captain America because he doesn't have the talent or the experience (and he's a little bit crazy). So Nomad has decided to discover himself and defend the common people of America while doing it. It's a great concept, and it's wonderfully illustrated by Hawbaker and McKenna. Their artwork reminds me of the legendary Neal Adams. The only bad point I saw in your "Road Kill" story was that I personally don't feel that Nomad would have run down the Road Kill Club. Anyway, I eagerly await the third issue. Keep up the great work!

Tim Matthews
17850 Drauden Rd.
Plainfield, IL 60544

Where did we say that Nomad made the bad guys go splat? For those of you who didn't read the NOMAD limited series, Nomad went just a teensy bit over the edge, and he dispatched the crooks in true Punisher style. But he's back now, and he's promised to never go over the edge again!

Dear Marvel,

I just finished reading both NOMAD #1 and #2 (for about the seventh time). I don't have enough praise for this character. Here's a guy with the stealth and agility of Daredevil, the sense of justice of the Punisher, and the strength and firepower to back the first two things up! All of this and compassion too!! Yes!!! Jack Monroe is caring for Bucky as if she was his own daughter, and he's doing a darn fine job!?! Eat your hearts out all you single parents out there. Raising kids is a full-time job, and I, for one, am not even chasing down criminals. Hail Nomad! Father, detective, judge, and jury--my kind of hero! Thanks, Marvel!!

Daniel J. Harrison
RR1 Box 13
Woodlawn, VA 24381

Yup, Jack Monroe is one of a kind! In fact, we think he's just about the most pitiful man on the face of this planet. Not only does he have to take on the bad guys every issue, but he's got to stop every two hours or so to remove Bucky's toxic pampers. Yeech! We wouldn't even wish that one on the Slug!

Dear Mr. Nicieza and Mr. Herdling,

Holy Smokes! I just finished NOMAD #2 and it was incredible. Being a vegetarian and a minor animal rights activist myself, I was pleasantly surprised to see animal rights being portrayed in a comic book. I guess that this means that comic books are becoming a stage for various important issues (such as drug abuse, racism, etc.). The storyline was truly excellent. It continued to gain momentum because of the CSHA sub-plot. I'm sure that this will prove exciting in the future. NOMAD is a veritable cornucopia of action-packed thrills and chills. So until Nomad gets a ride, Make Mine Marvel!!!

Dave Fish
Fern Hill Rd.
Box 220C
Ghent, NY 12075

Comic books often mimic real life, Dave, and as you might have been able to tell by issue #2, our writer has a wee-little soft spot in his heart for soft furry things as well!

Dear Nomadic People,

I just read NOMAD #2 and again my eyes are hurting with joy! Here are some comments: EXCELLENT! WHOA!! PAR-TAAY!!! MIND-BENDING!?! WAY COOL! HOLY BELTBUCKLE B_____! Nomad kicks!!!

"Road Kill" was an excellent story. Hard-hitting, rip'em apart-action-in-your-face style and you even conveyed an important message. Cruelty to animals is just plain sick. Will Nomad ever meet the fine woman on the bottom right hand corner of page eight? If the guy on the last page is Captain America, why in Marvel does he want Nomad out of the picture? And why doesn't Jack have a Harley Davidson? Okay, enough questions. I'm sure you'll answer them all real soon. Keep up the intelligent work, and please give Mr. Monroe a Harley. Until Nomad becomes a ballet dancer, Make Mine Marvel!!!

Jayson Werk
(Address withheld by request)

Yeah, yeah, we know--more questions! Okay, here it goes:

1) No, Jack will probably never meet the gratuitous babe that Mr. Hawbaker slapped down on the bottom right hand corner of page eight. Why, because she only likes men with motorcycles.

2) As everyone should know by now, the shaded figure that appeared on the last page of issue #2 was indeed not Captain America, but the ever fast and furious USAgent!

3) Why doesn't Nomad have a Harley yet? Basically because we think he already looks too much like that other long-haired trenchcoat in our upcoming SPIRITS OF VENGEANCE title.

Okay, let's get this show on the road. In a few more issues, after our "Dead Man's Hand" tale and a few other surprises, Nomad will be leaving Los Angeles to do what he does best — wander! He will be trailblazing through the southwest, burning up the south, and finally trudging up the east coast to Washington D.C. for a final blow-out with the Commission. We figure that should take us to issue #25.

So what can you do to help us on our journey? Simple. Now that you know Nomad's itinerary, and if you live along the way, tell us why (in 50 words or less) Nomad should visit *your* town. Give us the lowdown on your hometown, along with any pertinent photos or current event news, and you may find your place of residence popping up on the official Nomad map! Heck, if we can convince our lawyers, we may even arrange a cameo for *you!* But please, when promoting your town, take some time to comment on NOMAD. There's nothing more boring than self-serving fan mail.

Wood shavings!

Glenn